THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE:

A SATIRICAL POEM

IN DIALOGUE.

WITH NOTES.

PART THE SECOND.

THE THIRD EDITION REVISED.

[PRICE 1s. 6d.]

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WITH NOTES.

Ετ' αξλητος και ανωτατος οξεϊ χαλκω,
ΔΙΝΕΥΩ ΚΑΤΑ ΜΕΣΣΟΝ, αγοι δε με Παλλας Αθηνη
Χειρος ἑλων, αυταρ ξελεων απερυκοι ερωνην.
Hom. Il. 4. v. 540.

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PRINTED FOR T. BECKET, No. 81, PALL MALL.

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE SECOND PART

OF THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

First printed in MAY 1796.

TWO years have passed since I published "The First "Part of the Pursuits of Literature." I now offer a continuation of it to the attention of those persons who may feel themselves interested in such researches; the subjects of which indeed, *in their event*, are important to us all. What I observed of the First Part, I observe of this, and the following Parts, "that no imitation is intended of any former writer or of any former poem." That it will attract *some* attention in *some* places, I am confident; but it will be idle to make any conjecture as to the author. He is and will be, concealed, upon motives very different from the apprehension of any private resentment. I dissuade every person from flippant and random application of any supposed name; it is as unjust,

just, as it is absurd. " Flebit et insignis tota cantabitur " urbe," † was said of old. I do not say this, but I recommend to every gentleman and lady of eminent sagacity and curiosity to remember, that there is a darkness *which may be felt*.

As to the subject of SATIRE in general, I will add a few words, as they are not wholly unimportant, and as they explain my own ideas. All reprehension of vice, or of folly, or of any moral depravity, must cease at once, if it is required of the author of that reprehension, that he be *blameless* himself in the strict, or indeed in any, sense of that word. But if the enumeration of evils, wickedness, folly, extravagance, abuse of knowledge in theory or in practice, and a censure of such actions and of such opinions, be considered as the production of a mind bad, reprehensible, and unquiet in itself, I fear, that few philosophers are exempted from the charge. In my opinion, the Philosopher himself is a Satirist, speaking to the world at large, without a specific reference to any nation. The Satirist, (in the common acceptation of the word) is a writer in poetry or in prose, who addresses himself to a peculiar part of the world, and generally to his own countrymen, calling them to a view of their faults, follies, or vices, which are destructive of society, of government, of good manners, or of good

† Hor. Lib. 2. S. 1. v. 45

good literature. The philosophic Satirist effects his purpose by appealing to man and his nature; the modern poet, supposing and acknowledging the truth of these original principles, argues virtually from them, but directs his attention to existing persons, circumstances, opinions, and books, in his own times. He illustrates his doctrine by that forcible appeal, assisted by learning, wit, and ridicule; with an honest endeavour to uphold the common cause of wisdom, of truth, and of virtue, without which criticism is malignity, and satire is scandal.

According to these ideas, the work of a modern Satirist is transitory as to it's immediate subject. But as it is a view of life *designed*† to be presented to other times, as well as to those in which it is written, the necessity of an author's furnishing *Notes to his own compositions* is evident, to clear up for himself such difficulties as the lapse of time, (and indeed of a very little time) would unavoidably create. This is a privilege and a liberty which was denied to the ancients, which Dryden rejected, and Pope partially adopted.

After these few observations, (which I thought necessary or I would not have written them) I offer this continuation

† *I refer the reader to Dean Swift's dedication to Prince* Posterity.

nuation of the Poem to my readers, not without the spirit of a writer who has endeavoured well. I will also, upon reflection, add the words of A MAN, not to be named on such an occasion. "I do not look to be "asked, wherefore I wrote this book; it being no diffi-"culty to answer, that I did it to those ends, which the "best men propose to themselves when they write."

THE

THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE:

A SATIRICAL POEM.

PART II.‡

AUTHOR.

ALL hail to Cestria, and her mitred lord! (*a*)
And may Pierian strains for aye record
That lawn'd Endymion of a happier age,
Who, wild with rapture and empiric rage,
On bold aspiring pinion could presume
To journey through the vast æthereal gloom,
Who, tir'd of earth and dreams of gowned rest,
Sunk in the elysium of his *Cynthia*'s breast.

‡ First printed in May, 1796.

(*a*) John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester in the last century, wrote a celebrated "Discourse concerning the possibility of a "passage to the moon." The bishop is, as all bishops should be, very serious on the occasion; and as an effectual change of

But ah, *for us* those wizard wonders cease:
In war, death, peſtilence, or dang'rous peace,
Condemn'd to groan in this diſordered hour,
Victors and victims of th' unhallow'd pow'r,
That bids the western world or rouse or weep,
O'erwhelm'd beneath the formidable deep.

OCTAVIUS.

What always France? forbear awhile to rave
O'er those, whose every second thought's the grave.(*aa*)
Learning's

air and climate is recommended in so many diseases, I approve most of all of *Doctor* Wilkins's prescription of a flying chariot; and instead of raving or storming, or fretting about the accidents of life, to set off directly—*for the moon*. This method of *translation*, (a happy thought in a bishop,) would at once supersede the necessity of suicide, prisons or revolutions, when people are out of humour. Besides Dr. Herschell has told us what an agreeable place the moon is. I believe he has descried the surveyors of the lunar turnpike roads, and has actually seen their St. Paul's Church, and some of the Selenites in a solemn procession. This cannot much surprise us, as he has *nearly* discovered what the sun is made of, which *lies* a *little further* from us. Upon my word, Philosophy is a very pleasant thing and has various uses; one of the best is, it makes us laugh sometimes.

(*aa*) I can mention no lines so expressive of the state of France, as the following *adopted* from Boileau.

"Dechirans à l'envi *leur propre Republique*,
Lions contre Lions, parens contre parens,
Combattent follement POUR LE CHOIX DES TYRANS!"
Sat. 8, v. 132. (1796.)

Learning's *your* theme: go bend before that tomb,
Where other palms and other laurels bloom,
Where Maro sleeps; or in the Sabine shade,
Or in severe Aquinum's inmost glade,
Fast by Volterra's (*a*) dark Etrurian grove,
With Boileau's (*b*) art and Dryden's rapture rove.
Be wise betimes, and in resistless prose
Leave Burke ALONE to thunder on our foes.
Let Wakefield (*c*) rant, and pallid Thelwall bawl,
Lords of misrule in anarchy's wild hall,

Such

(*a*) Juvenal was born at Aquinum, and Persius at Volterra, in Italy.

(*b*) Boileau.—The most perfect of all modern writers in true taste and judgment. His sagacity was unerring; he combined every ancient excellence, and appears original even in the adoption of acknowledged thoughts and allusions. He is the just and adequate representative of Horace, Juvenal, and Persius united *without one indecent blemish*; and for my own part I have always considered him as *the most finished gentleman* that ever wrote.

(*c*) Wakefield. Whenever I think of the name of *Gilbert Wakefield*, and look *at the list* of his works, (for I would not undertake to read them *all*,) I feel alternately sorrow and indignation. His learning and sagacity are indeed sufficient to entitle him to *some* patronage, and to the removal of every want.

But

Such prophets as ere long Horne Tooke may save,
And hide and feed *by fifties* (*d*) in a cave:

Let

But his spirit is so restless, his temper is so overbearing and tyrannical, (I speak *from the consideration of his works alone*) his contempt for others is so great, and his personal vanity so conspicuous, that even literature begins to be weary of him. But when I turn to his religious and political opinions, I find all the virulence and asperity of the reformer, all the insolence and even impudence of the assertors of equality, a want of decent, or even of common, respect to dignified characters, and a mind (naturally designed for better exertions, and cultivated in the groves of an university) hostile and implacable to every establishment, and with a strong tendency even to * sanguinary persecution. I speak of him as a public man; I have no contempt of his attainments. But I will never suffer him or any other man obtruding himself and his political principles and measures upon the public, to pass me without notice; or as the poet strongly expresses it,

Glomerare sub antro
Fumiferam noctem, *commixtis igne tenebris*, §

without the reprehension it deserves.

(*d*) *By fifties.*—" Obadiah took *the prophets*, and hid them *by fifty in a cave*, and fed them *with bread and water*." Kings B. 1. ch.

* See Gilbert Wakefield's Pamphlet entitled " Remarks on the General Orders given by the Duke of York to his army, July 7, 1794, respecting the " decree of the French Convention to give no quarter to the British and " Hanoverians, 1794." I only mention this or any of Mr. Wakefield's writings for *their spirit and tendency*, as the compositions are worth little notice. I shall not at present wander through his *Silvæ Criticæ*, " Ubi passim palantes " *Error* recto de tramite pellit." (§) If Mr. Wakefield does not write with greater care and ability than he has hitherto shewn, neither *men*, nor *gods*, nor *columns* will permit his works to be extant very long.

§ Virg. Æn. 8. v. 254.

|| Hor. L. 2. Sat 3. v. 48.

Let such call Pitt or Grenville meanly bold,
Who calm'd the terror of Burke's claws in gold. (e)

You read perchance a minister in books, (f)
And know an honest statesman by his looks;
Think in debates the spirit may be seen,
In Thurlow, just, in Wedderburne, serene;
In Grenville, firmness; majesty, in Pitt;
And in Dundas, the courage to submit.

Proud

ch. 18. v. 4. In the *provisions* of that most important, and I wish I could say, perpetual act, (passed in 1795) for preventing seditious assemblies, &c. &c. &c. it is specified that none of these prophets, or lecturers, or diviners in democracy, shall meet in greater numbers than *by fifty* in a cave, or elsewhere: and considering the inflammatory nature of their disorder, it is devoutly to be wished, that they may be kept upon the same cooling diet.

(e) "Summos auro mansueverat ungues." Statius. A beautiful periphrasis for giving a pension; but it is a pension nobly merited. I wish however most sincerely, for the dignity of Mr. Burke's character in the present age and to all posterity, that it had not been accepted. Πολλου αν πριαμην. (1796.)

(f) I allude to the profound knowledge which busy men acquire of the most secret designs of the British, or even of foreign cabinets,—from the news-papers. Nothing is so pleasant as to hear men assert without the least hesitation what they *know* of the intention of Ministers. I really envy the satisfaction they feel, when they communicate their discoveries to such unenlightened and ignorant men as myself.

Proud of your keen discernment you retire,
Smit with the fame of Rollo's bard (*g*) and squire,
You'd print (poor man!) your satire and your song,
Correct, as Gifford, or as Cowper, strong.

AUTHOR.

Yes: to my country's justice I appeal,
Nor dread the press, the guillotine, nor wheel,
Nor fulsome praise, nor coldness of neglect,
Nor all that poets meet, but scarce expect;
And since *the question* I shall never fear,
A rhyming culprit's bold confession hear.

Plays I could frame, like Ireland, (*i*) by the score;
Memory I have, not Middleton (*k*) has more;

Could

(*g*) The Rolliad, &c.—Dr. Lawrence has just informed the House of Commons, (who are prodigiously interested about the Doctor) that he is of *the old School*, and that he *intends* to "bring forward a motion *to silence that declamation so commonly used in the House* &c. &c. &c." This is *modest* indeed, and if he effects his purpose, I hope the universal thanks of *the House*, Dinner-troops, Family-men and all, will be voted to him, *Nem. Con.*—"Talk of a Coronation?"—See The Farce of *Peeping Tom.* (Note Dec. 31, 1796.) N. B. The Doctor never made the motion. *Parturiunt montes*, &c. &c.—(added August 1797.)

(*i*) The publisher of the newly-found manuscripts in Shakspeare's own hand-writing. The reader will find more on this subject in the course of *this* part of the poem.

Could sing of gardens, yet well pleas'd to see
Walpole (*l*) and Nature may, for once, agree;
Could give with Darwin, to the hectic kind,
Receipts in verse to shift the north-east wind (*m*);
With Price (*n*) and Knight grounds *by neglect* improve,
And banish use, for naked Nature's love,
Lakes,

(*k*) The famous witness on Mr. Hastings's trial, the disciple of Themistocles.

(*l*) See that quaint, but most curious and learned, writer's excellent Essay on Modern Gardening at the end of his Lives of the Painters.

(*m*) See Dr. Darwin's Loves of the Plants and a long and pleasant note, in which the Doctor thinks it very feasible to *manage the winds*, (and every thing else I believe) at *his* pleasure, *by a little philosophy*. I never read any thing so comfortable in my life. Martinus Scriblerus will be, after all, a legitimate natural philosopher. It appears to me, that Dr. Darwin's *ingenious understanding* is peculiarly adapted to solve the following problem in *natural* philosophy: "WHETHER, *the hybernal frigidity of the* "*Antipodes, passing in an orthogonal line through the homogeneous soli-* "*dity of the center, might warm the superficial connexity of our heels by* "*a soft antiperistasis?*" I have given a translation of this great and useful problem, (as *the French* Philosopher *Pantagruel* is not quite so intelligible in the original,) that Dr. Darwin may discuss it at large in the next edition of his *Zoonomia*, which is much to be desired. I refer the reader to the *Creme Philosophique des Questions Encyclopediques* at the end of Rabelais Book 5. The *true cream* of their *modern Encyclopedia* at least, is to be found in the French Revolution, 1789. &c.

Lakes, forests, rivers, in one landscape drawn,
My park, a county, and a heath, my lawn;
With Knight, man's civil progress (*o*) could rehearse,
And *put* Hume, Smith, or Tacitus *in verse*;

Or,

(*n*) Price and Knight.—See the various treatises, all curious and in some degree pleasant, on the subject of landscape and the art of laying out grounds. Knight and Price, *versus* Mason and Brown, REPTON, Moderator. I have no doubt of the decision at the bar of taste, but I certainly would not bring the cause in the court at Guildhall. With *the giants* on the jury, and Lord Kenyon for the judge, there certainly would be a verdict for the Brogdignag Gardeners, Knight and Price.

(*o*) See and *read* (if possible) what Mr. R. P. Knight calls a Didactic *Poem*, "The PROGRESS of Civil Society in six books, 4to." I protest I speak impartially, when I assert that Mr. Knight seems to have no other ideas of poetry, than that of lines and syllables put into a measure with, now and then, some little attention to grammar. I mean when he *writes verses himself*. For if he conceives, that the versification of Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws, Tacitus on the Germans, Smith on the Wealth of Nations, Robertson's Introduction to his History of Charles V. Stuart on the View of Society in Europe, and such works, is *poetry*, there is no help for him, he must be suffered to *rhyme on*. "*Dogmatizer en vers, et rimer par chapitres.*"† It is impossible to criticize or examine the whole in a note, but I will give a specimen of such observations as I should make, if I were to go through the whole of this *tedious* piece of work. Mr. K. is very fond of beginning all his books *with doubt*, like a true philosopher; he always uses the words "*Whether* this, or *whether* that —or *whether* the other"—is the case, never deciding the point, nor

† Boileau. Sat. 8. v. 116.

Or, while Silenus and his votaries nod, 59
Quaff Paphian grossness from my crystal (*h*) God:

C Or

nor giving even a *doubtful* solution of *doubtful doubts*, as Mr. Hume kindly used to do. But *whether* Mr. K. understands himself, even in the very beginning of his poem, may be a doubt; but *whether* his readers understand him, is no doubt at all. He begins thus. B. 1. v. 1. (I take the verses at the very beginning, to shew my impartiality.)

" *Whether* primordial *motion sprang to life*
From the wild war of elemental strife,
In *central chains* the mass inert *confin'd*,
And sublimated matter into mind;
Or *whether* one great, all pervading soul, &c.
Or——
Whether, in Fate's *eternal fetters bound*
Mechanic Nature *goes* her endless round, &c. &c.

In all this mist and darkness which he flings around him, he certainly is little better than Punch in the puppet shew, " Ha-" -zy weather, master Noah:" for I am certain that neither Punch, nor Mr. Knight can look through this preparation of the poetical sky for the metaphysical deluge which ensues, when he is to

" Trace out the slender *social links that bind*
" In *order*'s chain, the *chaos* of mankind, &c. &c."

Ohe jam satis—But then I am told there are so many pretty and intelligible passages (I grant it, Horum *simplicitas* miserabilis!) in this and *t'other* poem (I must mean the Landscape;) and the ladies say it is so charming to wish to be buried *under an oak*, and so romantic. see p. 153—I wish from my soul, that all the democracy and infidelity in the kingdom were buried under the great guardian oak of England, and the spirit of Mr. Knight confined in the stem of it. He might cry out as lustily as Po-

Or I could *scribble* (*q*) for historic fame,
Like Gillies, feeble, formal, dull and tame; (*qq*)
Then

lydorus, and all the conjurers of the *Dilettanti* might assist at the disinchantment if they pleased.—N. B. I am infinitely indebted to Mr. Richard Payne Knight *for the honour* he has been pleased to confer on my note in the first part of this poem on the Pursuits of Literature; see p. 17. &c. of *his* Preface to *his* Progress of Civil Society.—"*If* Mr. Knight's *bed be a bed of tortures, he has made it for himself.*"† I did *not* name him, as the author of the Essay "ON THE WORSHIP OF PRIAPUS," but he has *now* named himself. I am glad however that he has some sense of shame left, by endeavouring to *explain away* one of the most unbecoming and indecent treatises which ever disgraced the pen of a man who would be thought a scholar and a philosopher; and I persevere in that opinion, and could be tempted to *copy* even my former note.‡ Mr. K. had better have kept to his *Principia*, A, B, Γ, Δ, κτλ. (See his Greek alphabet.) I hope he will do better in future; and spare me more trouble. I am as tired of him as he can be of me. As Mr. Knight is a Member of Parliament, I must fairly tell him, that if he is appointed Chairman of any polite poetical Committee, and any more "*reports* PROGRESS, and asks leave to sit again," the motion will be *negatived by the whole house.* (1796.)

(*p*) "Vitreo bibit ille *Priapo.*" Juv. Sat. 2. v. 95. See Mr. Knight's Essay on the Worship of Priapus, and my note on it in the first part of this Poem.

(*q*) Soon after Mr. Gibbon had published the second and third volumes of his Roman History, the late Duke of Cumberland accidentally met him, and intending to pay him a great compli-

† I quote JUNIUS in English, as I would Tacitus or Livy in Latin. I consider him as a legitimate English classic.

‡ See the First Part of the P. of L. I have been told that FIVE GUINEAS is the price of *The Essay on Priapus*, if a copy is at any time to be sold.

Then tir'd with truth, like Coxe, to fables stray,
And vie with Croxall in my notes on Gay; (r)
I could, like Seward, if for scraps you call,
Turn public bag-man, (s) train'd in Walpole's stall;

compliment said; "How do you do, Mr. Gibbon, I see you are always *at it*, the old way, *scribble, scribble, scribble.*"—There are various judges of historical writing, from Quintilian to the *late* Duke of Cumberland.—Dr. GILLIES wrote the History of Greece, &c. in a manner *quite different* from Mr. Gibbon. But, according to Pliny's good-humoured observation; *Historia quoquo modo scripta delectat.*

(qq) The epithets in the verse are designed to characterize *the writings* of Dr. Gillies. There is some learning, great diligence, attention and application, but no marks of genius or strength in his compositions. *Sed tamen in pretio.* And I wish them to be so, as the Doctor is a man of good intentions, and of respectable character.

(r) Fables by John Gay, *illustrated with notes* by WILLIAM COXE, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A. Rector of Bemerton, Prebendary of Sarum, Domestic Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Member of the Imperial Œconomical Society of St. Petersburgh, and of the Royal Society of Sciences at Copenhagen, Chaplain to H. G. The Duke of Marlborough; &c. &c. &c. (1796.) What will Mr. Coxe write next? To be sure Addison did gravely comment on Chevy Chace. I am not inclined to make any other comparison. (1796.)

(s) See (for they are very entertaining *but very dear*) Mr. Seward's Anecdotes of distinguished persons, &c. in four volumes. I prefer Mr. Seward to every compiler of anecdotes, except the Hon. Mr. Horace Walpole, now Lord Orford.

A *visit*-

Or to Cythæron, from the Treasury, move,
And, like Sir James Bland Burgess, (*t*) murmur love;
Could furnish feasts for each Parnassian prig,
A *Florence* goose, *three* ducklings, and *one* (*v*) pig;
With

A *visiting library* is very convenient and pleasant to one's friends.

(*t*) I allude to Sir James Bland Burgess's Poem, entitled, "The Birth and Triumph of Love," accompanied by the prettiest little designs of the *Amoretti alati* by one of the fairest, most ingenious, and most illustrious hands † in the kingdom. Sir James, late Under Secretary of State, is very properly, (as all Under Secretaries of State, or Chief Secretaries in the Treasury, should be,) attentive to his character, and is particularly afraid of the smallest Cupid *without a muzzle*. Sir James says, "That boy and that boy's deeds shall not pollute my measure." St. 1. Now when I consider what Virgil and Tasso have said and sung of "that boy and that boy's deeds," it is a little prudish in Sir James Bland Burgess, Baronet and Poet, on such a subject to have such fears. A poet may be a little playful. But Sir James Bland Burgess is right after all; there certainly should be none but the *most virtuous* persons about Secretaries of State, and in the precincts of the Treasury, though now and then a straggler of another description will be found, notwithstanding the unremitted diligence and undiverted attention of George Rose, Esq.

(*v*) *A Florence goose*, &c.—See a publication, entitled, "An "Ode to an Eton Boy, *Three* Sonnets, and *One* Epigram:" by William Parsons, Esq. This gentleman is the fairest of all Mr. Gray's Critics: he even allows the superiority of his genius, and gives *his own* verses in Mr. Gray's measure. The *obliquity* of the understanding is sometimes unaccountable.—Mr. Parsons is

† H. R. H. The Princess Elizabeth.

With Spartan Pye (*x*) lull England to repose,
Or frighten children with Lenora's (*y*) woes:
I could—

OCTA-

is one of the *Rhyming Quaternion* on the banks of the Arno, who some years ago *made up among them a pretty little volume* entitled "The *Florence* Miscellany." The names of this rhyming Quaternion were Mrs. Piozzi, Mr. Greathead, Mr. Merry and Mr. Parsons. Hence the propriety of the term "*Florence* geese" printed in the Italian type.

(x) Spartan Pye.—Mr. Pye, the present poet Laureat, with the best intentions at this momentous period, if not with the very best poetry, translated the verses of Tyrtæus the Spartan. They were designed to produce animation throughout the kingdom, and among *the Militia* in particular. Several of the *Reviewing* Generals (I do not mean the Monthly or Critical) were much impressed with their *weight* and importance, and at a board of General Officers, an experiment was agreed upon, which unfortunately failed. They were read aloud at Warley Common, and at Barham Downs by the Adjutants, at the head of five different regiments, at each camp, and much was expected. But before they were half finished, all the front ranks, and as many of the others as were within hearing or *verse-shot*, dropped their arms suddenly, and were *all found fast asleep!!!*† Marquis

† Certain kinds of *poetry* and writing (to which I have been too much *accuſtomed*) may be added to the number of the Υπνη Αγωγα, or *Soporifics*, which great medical writers affirm to be accuſtomed *noiſes*, motions, &c. &c. in short the πασι τα ξυνηθεα. That acute physician Aretæus thus ſpeaks:—Υπνη αγωγα ἁπασι τα ξυνηθεα. Ναυτικωμεν ἡ εν ακατω κατακλισις, και εν θαλασσῃ περιφορα, και αιγιαλων ηχος, και κυματων κτυπος, ανεμων τε ϛομϐος—κτλ. Aretæi *De Morbis Acutis* Cap. 1. p. 75. Boerhaave 1731. The whole paſſage is uncommonly eloquent and ſenſible.

OCTAVIUS.

Do what?—where will your vaunting reach?
Are these a cygnet's note, your parting speech?

AUTHOR.

Spare, spare; till time subdues a poet's rage
With blast autumnal, or the damp of age.
What poet fears to roar, or drink, or sing?
For Helicon is now an Irish spring,
All thirst alike; which made Sam Johnson think,
That no man visits where he cannot drink. (*yy*)
Why should I faint, when all with patience hear,
And Laureat Pye *sings* more than twice a year?

OCTA-

Marquis Townshend, who never approved of the scheme, said, with his usual pleasantry, that the first of all poets observed that "*Sleep* is the brother of *Death*." (1796.)

(*y*) A tale from the German, translated by the Laureat, H. I. Pye, Esq. by J. T. Stanly, Esq. M. P. &c. &c. &c. &c. a sort of Blue-Beard story for the nursery. I am ashamed to think, that the public curiosity (I will not say, taste) should have been occupied with such *Diablerie Tudesque*.

(*yy*) Dr. Johnson's character of the Irish hospitality, in one of his letters or among the *Boswelliana*, I forget which.

OCTAVIUS.

Truce with the Laureat.

AUTHOR.

'Tis but what I think;
For once I hop'd to see the title sink,
While piety and virtue grac'd the throne,
And genius in lamented Warton shone:
Aye, while Britannia cries from shore to shore,
AUGUSTUS reigns; MÆCENAS IS NO MORE.
PITT views alike, from Holwood's sullen brow,
(As near-observing (z) friendship dares avow)

The

(z) I must own, that unless the Province of encouraging Letters, which should belong to the great, is administered with wisdom and discretion, it is more desirable that there were no encouragement at all. In confirmation however, of my opinion of the minister, I refer the reader to a pamphlet published in 1795, entitled, "Friendly Remarks on Mr. Pitt's Administration, by a Near Observer." It is written by a man of fortune, independent spirit, and the principles of a gentleman. It has been

The fount of Pindus or Bœotia's bog,
With nothing of Mæcenas, but his frog. (*a*)

OCTA-

been ascribed to M. Montagu, Esq. M. P. and it is, I believe, acknowledged by him. He boldly tells the Minister of his fault, namely, an improvident and *systematic contempt and neglect of all ability and literary talents.* "They had no poet, and they died." What then? says Mr. Pitt; history will speak. But &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.—History indeed may say of Mr. Pitt in the words of Tacitus, H. 4. S. 5. "INGENIUM ILLUSTRE altioribus studiis juvenis admodum dedit, non, ut plerique, ut nomine magnifico segne otium velaret, *sed quo firmior adversus fortuita* REMPUBLICAM CAPESSERET."—I might proceed and describe him as "*Opum* § *contemptor*, recti pervicax, constans adversus metus;" but I cannot pursue him through the integral character of Helvidius Priscus, because I conceive POWER and not FAME to be the principle of this mighty minister of Great Britain. See more in a following note.

(*a*) In the time of Augustus, during the administration of Mæcenas, that Minister's seal, bearing the figure of A FROG, was annexed to all *money-bills*. I mention this anecdote as curious, and perhaps not generally known. It is recorded in the 37th book of Pliny's Natural History, ch. 1. "*Mæcenatis* RANA, *ob collationem pecuniarum*, in magno terrore erat." I also refer the reader to the Duke of Marlborough's Gems, vol. 2. engraved privately, and the elegant Latin descriptions of them by the Rev. Dr. Cole, late Fellow of King's College in Cambridge.—Nothing is so like as one Minister to another in this respect; but it is difficult to refrain from remarking, that *Frogs* were one of the plagues of Egypt.

§ Though Mr. P. *despises money*, yet I wish he would give *more attention to æconomy*, private as well as public, than he has done. He is deserving of much censure in this respect. He seems to have forgotten what Mr. Burke once thundered in the ears of one of his Predecessors, in the H. of C. (Lord North) "*Magnum est* VECTIGAL *Parsimonia.*"

OCTAVIUS.

Mere spleen to Pitt; (*b*) he's liberal, but by stealth.

D AUTHOR.

(*b*) Octavius is wrong: I am neither a personal nor a political enemy to Mr. PITT. I think him a powerful and efficient Minister, eminently adorned with natural gifts and endowments, and solemnly marked out and elected to his great office. He has talents to conduct, to persuade, *and to command.* He is a scholar; *I know* him to be such, and a ripe and good one. The low passion of avarice has no root in his mind; but the sin, "by which the angels fell," rages in him without measure and without control. To tell a minister, that pride was not made for *him* or for any man, because he has nothing which he has not received, would be to argue a gross ignorance of our fallen nature. He has no servility in him. Firm, constant, and unbending, he has the principles of a man, who knows and feels what is demanded of him by his country. He comes into the House of Commons, not to bow, but to do the business of the state, and he does it. There is not a subject presented to him, even casually, in which his ability is not conspicuous. He treats it as if it had been the subject of his continued meditation. *In the conduct of the French war*, he, his colleagues, and his allies have been *all found wanting*; but in the principle just, if not steady.—I will add, that in respect to *personal individual gratification*, I regard Mr. Pitt as THE MOST FORTUNATE MAN upon record. Called by the circumstances of the times beyond human control, and by events not in the wildest range of expectation,

AUTHOR.

Yes, and he spares a nation's inborn wealth,
Another Adam (*c*) in œconomy,
For all, but Burke, (*d*) escape his searching eye.

Stiff

he was placed, almost without his seeking it, in the highest public station. He passed at once to the innermost of the temple, without treading the vestibule. In the bloom and vigour of his faculties, (for he bore the blossom and the fruit at once) and in the prime of life, when every thing can charm, that which can charm the most, POWER, was voluntarily offered to him, accepted, confirmed, continued, and established by his King and by his country. His faults, his follies, and his blemishes, (for he has all) *might be easily removed*, but I think he will not remove them. He felt at once, as many have done, the highest ability in himself; and he found what is denied to most, a full and *adequate* exertion of it in high office. My hope and earnest prayer is, that the termination of his political labours, and the result of this just and tremendous war with the Republic of France, may be finally to establish "Glory to God in the highest, and on "earth peace."—Is this the language of an enemy? I respect, nay, I would defend Mr. Pitt: I wish him a long continuance in office; but—PERSONALLY I *never* can love him. (1796.)

(*c*) Adam Smith, the great writer on wealth and finance, from whom Mr. Pitt learned his art.

Stiff from old Turgot, (*e*) and his rigid school,
He never deviates from this wholesome rule;
" Left to themselves all find their level price,
" Potatoes, verses, turnips, Greek, and rice."

(d) This is not mentioned as a censure on Mr. Pitt for his liberality, for I think the whole of his pension merited by Mr. Burke.—On this subject, I may say, that in " *Mr. Burke's Letter* on the Duke of Bedford's attack *on Him* in the House of Lords," I perceive genius, ability, dignity, imagination, and sights more than youthful poets ever dreamed, and sometimes the philosophy of Plato and the wit of Lucian. But what I esteem most of all, I hear again the *warning voice* of ONE *who saw the apocalyse*, and FIRST cried aloud in England and to all the inhabitants of Europe. I cannot describe the whole composition better than in the words of *that Poet*, who would have been proud to record the workmanship of EDMUND BURKE. *Brontes*, *Steropes*, and *Pyracmon*, it will be allowed, have all had their share in the fabrication of this *informatum fulmen*.

" Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, rutili tres ignis et alitis austri;
Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque metumque*
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras." (1796.)

(e) Mr. Turgot, ci devant Controller General of French Finance: the founder of the modern *Oeconomic School*.—Modern State Oeconomy seems to consist in spending or squandering the greatest possible sums in the least possible time.

* Virg. Æn. 8. v. 429.

OCTAVIUS.

Strange times indeed to banter on finance;
Pray, if you call him frugal, think of France.

AUTHOR.

Well, I'll be brief; with France he *must* contend;
There I will own, and feel myself his friend,
And sing with Burke's or Maro's borrow'd fire,
" Arms and the man," till anarchy (*f*) expire.

Sedition's

(*f*) " Till anarchy expire."—In the just and inevitable, but most fatal and most tremendous war in which we are engaged, and in which all Europe has bled, and yet bleeds in every vein and artery, the first object we look for is, *a stability of peace*. But no stability can as yet be found in all the convulsive *labours* of the sanguinary nation. That modern Gallic *Julia* has done nothing but conceive one mis-shapen lump after another, in the fœculency of her political womb, conception upon conception, abortion upon abortion: and what can we say,

Cum tot abortivis fœcundam Julia vulvam
Solveret, et pati ne similes effunderet offas. †

We must, I fear, yet wait a season; (May 1796.‡) and whatever we have paid, or must still pay, must be considered as the

anti-

† We must say *the same now, Dec.* 31, 1796.—We have a little more hope *now*, August 1797.

‡ Juv. Sat. 2. v. 32.

Sedition's crew is bound; the gloomy band
In chains of penal silence musing stand,
Or doom'd in classic (*g*) impotence to rave
Their ceaseless round, within the smouldring cave,
The dark Vulcanian chamber, whence they strove
To forge and hurl the bolts of Stygian Jove.

OCTAVIUS.

Nay, if you thus proceed, I'll read the bill,
In Hatsell's (*h*) clerkly tone, clear, loud, and shrill,
And Jekyll's (*i*) comment too.

AUTHOR.

αντιλυτρον, the great price of delivery and redemption from slavery, revolution, French anarchy, and the disruption of social order; when the earth is bursting asunder, and hell yawning from beneath; or in language, which Edmund Burke alone could reproduce in English,
Αναρρηγνυμενης εκ βαθρων γης, αυτε τε γυμνεμενε Ταρταρε.
And what wonder? It is Longinus who speaks of Homer.†

(*g*) Since the passing of the Bills (in 1795) against treason, seditious meetings, assemblies, lectures, harangues, &c. *John Thelwall* read during the Lent season, 1796, what he termed *Classical Lectures*, and most kindly and affectionately pointed out *the defects* of all the ancient governments of Greece, Rome, *Old* France, &c. &c. and *the causes* of rebellion, insurrection, regeneration of governments, terrorism, massacres, or revolutionary murders; without *the least hint* or application to England and its constitution. Shewing *how* the Gracchi were great men, and so, by implication, the Bedfords, the Lauderdales, &c. —I must own, I fear nothing from such Lectures.

† Long. de Subl. Sect 9.

AUTHOR.

Pray, heav'n, forbear:

Come then, I'll breathe at large æthereal air,

Far

(*h*) John Hatsell, Esq. the very learned, polite, and respectable Clerk of the House of Commons. 1796.—This accomplished gentleman has lately resigned his office, with that propriety and discernment of time and circumstance and of the *ætatis insidiæ*, which has uniformly distinguished his very useful and honourable life in public office. *Quando ullum invenient parem*! The illustrious Speaker of the H. of C. the Rt. Hon. Henry Addington, (neither inferior nor second to *any* statesman in that House in temperate eloquence, accuracy of knowledge, and soundness of understanding) announced Mr. Hatsell's intended resignation in a manner which did honour to the sincerity of his friendship and to the sense of the loss of so able a servant of the public. The House was unanimous in their applause. Mr. Pitt seconded the Speaker, and pronounced his testimony in—But it is sufficient to say, MR. PITT *spoke*, when that Rt. Hon. Minister thinks proper to assume the language of commendation.—Mr. Hatsell has given a most judicious work* to the public, which all senators will do well to consult frequently. Mr. H. will excuse me for *adapting* to him *in this respect* a few words from Quintilian. "Monumenta "rerum posteris quærentibus tradidit. Frequentabunt ejus "domum optimi juvenes, et veram viam, velut ex oraculo, "petent. Hos ille formabit, ut vetus gubernator, littora et portus, et quid secundis flatibus quid adversis ratis poscat, docebit, et communi ductus officio et amore quodam operis." Quintil. Lib. 12. c. xi. s. 1—Mr. Hatsell will not suspect the hand which has paid this tribute to his character and his merits. (August 1797.)

(*i*) There is too much of pertness and self-sufficiency in Mr. *Joseph Jekyll*'s remarks; and I do not apprehend that his witticisms will ever shake a minister like the Rt. Hon. William Pitt.

(*k*) He used to leave his Tusculum, the seat of Steevens and of wisdom, at Hampstead, between four and five o'clock every morning, to revise the proof sheets of the last edition of Shakspeare, 1793, in 15 vol. 8vo. at his friend Reed's chambers. I heard of nothing else at the time.

* Precedents of Proceedings in the H. of C. with observations 4 volumes 4to.

Far from the bar, the senate, and the court,
And in Avonian fields with Steevens sport,
(Whom late from Hampstead journeying (*k*) to his
Aurora oft for Cephalus (*l*) miſtook,
What time he brush'd her dews with hasty pace,
To meet (*m*) the Printer's dev'let face to face:)
With dogs (*n*) black-letter'd for the Stratford Hunt,
Thick-flued and coated 'gainst the public brunt;
For well I mark'd them all (*o*) with curious heed.

OCTA-

(*l*) "Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam.
Sappho to Phaon.
I will own, I was always apprehensive of a rape so very soon in the morning, on Primrose hill, "earth's freshest softest lap," but notwithstanding these early freaks, *the youth* is still safe, as I hear.

(*m*) "To meet—*the Sun* upon the upland lawn."
Gray's Elegy.

(*n*) See the first part of the Purſuits of Literature.

(*o*) I termed the Commentators on Shakespeare out of mere pleasantry, "*black-letter dogs.*" But if among these scholars, or in *any* other *deſcription of the learned*, there ſhould be found A MAN, who, with the grace of exterior accompliſhment, or the fulſome ſemblance of it; with the gifts of fortune, and the rank of a gentleman; with a ſtrong devotion to literature without remiſſion and almoſt without example; with acuteneſs of mind and extenſive claſſical erudition, who, I ſay, ſhould ſo far forget himſelf as to practiſe arts which would diſgrace the meaneſt retainer to learning:—*If* SUCH A MAN ſhould be found, with fair profeſſions and obliging attentions, ſimular of friendſhip, but at the bottom falſe, hollow, deſigning, and malicious; who jealous of every little advancement or lucky diſcovery, *even of a profeſſional artiſt*, ſhould ſtrive to depreſs the efforts of ſtruggling laborious merit, or to blaſt the rival ingenuity of his learned contemporaries; who ſhould inflict a wound with more than Parthian dexterity, and yet be ſtudious of frequenting the company

OCTAVIUS.

Not all; you pass'd the grave laborious (*p*) REED,
Friend to most traders in researches quaint,
Layman or priest, the sinner or the saint;
Farmer he loves, and Steevens will receive,
Though not *Mie* (*pp*) *Masterre* (*q*) Ireland, by your leave.

He

company of men of character to countenance his own; and finally, who should collect and scatter around him the *virus lunare*, the vaporous drops that hang in any region of infection, that the objects of their influence may feel the blast of the enchanter, and know not whence it comes. *If*, I say, SUCH A MAN should be found, I shall not name him, and it is not for him to lay bare his own conscience by a foolish, appropriating indiscretion. I have only sketched out at present such a character *in prose*; and all I shall say further is, may He, *if* SUCH A MAN exist, strive to wipe out such actions by more than literary contrition, and deeply feel and know that he has lived, throughout the course of a life not inconsiderable in its duration, under a fatal error and a wretched abuse of time, learning, talents, and accomplishments.—This character is left *on record*, like any of La Bruyere's, *without even the shadow of a name*. It shall ever remain *unappropriated by me*.

(*p*) Isaac Reed, Esq. editor of Dodsley's old plays, lately republished; a gentleman of learning, information, and ingenuity, and greatly respected. I mention this gentleman with particular pleasure.

(*pp*) Alluding to the uniform and constant *reduplication* of the *old* spelling of every word in Mr. Ireland's *new* Volume by Shakspeare. Mast*erre* for master, *bye* for *by*, brother*re* for brother, &c. &c.

He laughs to see our new Salmoneus stand,
(His mimic thunder rattling o'er the Strand,)
On fiery coursers from Olympia's plain,
Tossing the torch, in sov'reign splendor vain,
Command the world's prostration from afar,
"SHAKSPEARE and JOVE" grav'd on the burning car
In letter'd radiance!

AUTHOR.

Hold: now is it well,
In strains like these of *manuscripts* to tell?
Of notes, bonds, deeds, receipts, fac-similes,
And all that lawyers feign for proper fees?
Monks and Attorneys may engage Malone:
Annius, (*r*) or Ireland, (*s*) 'tis to me all one.

E Give

(*q*) The possessor and editor of the MSS. asserted to be Shakspeare's: from whose *officina* in Norfolk street, issued the tragedy of Vortigern, claiming to be the composition of Shakspeare, acted in March, 1796, at Drury Lane Theatre, and received *in such a flattering* manner †.

Sævus ubi Æacidæ telo jacet Hector, et ingens
Sarpedon!‡

† i. e. *damn'd* by Box, Pitt, and Gallery. ‡ Virg. Æn. i. v. 99.

Give me the soul that breathes in Shakespeare's page,
Strength from within, the unresisted rage,
The thought that stretch'd beyond creation's bound,
And in the flaming walls no barrier found,
The pen he dipt in mind; (ss)—I'll hush to rest
The little tumults of a critic's breast.

What though no Vatican unbars the door,
No Palatine to Ireland yields its store,
Treasures he has, and many a prouder tome
Than kings to Granta gave or Bodley's dome.
Pages, on which the eye of Shakspeare (t) por'd,
The notes he made, the readings he restor'd,

The

(r) Annius was a monk of Viterbo in the 15th century, and celebrated for many forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions. See his *Seventeen Books* of Antiquities. It may be proper to observe, that mere vanity was his motive; he never solicited *any subscription* for *his* ancients.

(s) See (for you may) all the farrago of which Mr. Ireland possesses *the originals*, numerous beyond any belief; I will not attempt to describe them.

(ss) Της Φυσεως γραμματευς ην, τον καλαμον αποβρεχων εις Νυν. Suidas de Vet. Auct.

The very gibes he scribbled, and the joke
That from the laughing bard on margins broke.
But where's the dark array, the veſture plain,
With many a mould'ring venerable ſtain?
All fled: a wonder opens to our view;
The ſhield is ſcower'd, and the books are new: (x)
" In her own hues great Nature beſt is ſeen,"
So Ireland ſpoke; and made the black—*One Green.*

Eternal verdure bloom in Shakſpeare's grove!
Where, led by light from heav'n, he oft would rove
In ſolitude and ſacred ſilence bleſt;
And in the muſings of his mighty breaſt,
All as he ſcann'd the volume of the paſt,
O'er Greece and Rome one wiſhful glance would caſt;

(t) Mr. Ireland aſſerts that he has *the very library of Shakſpeare*, with his ſignature, his notes and remarks &c. in the margin of the books, all in *his own hand-writing.*

(x) Mr. Ireland has not thought proper to preſerve the books *of Shakſpeare's Library* in their original and curious old black binding, (as could have been wiſhed;) but, like the nurſe *employed* by Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus, he has ſcowered them well, and made them *all new*; and with ſingular felicity has *re-bound them* ALL *in* GREEN *morocco!!!*—N. B. I have written this whole paſſage in the Poem and the Notes, *to perpetuate the memory* of this extraordinary event in literary hiſtory, which ſeems to be paſſing into oblivion.—I cannot think that any ſubject relating to Shakſpeare ſhould be wholly diſregarded. (1796.)

Mourn not, pleas'd Nature cried, their sounds unknown,
My universal language is your own.

OCTAVIUS.

Enough for me great Shakspeare's words to hear,
Though but in common with the vulgar ear,
Without one note, or horn-book in my head,
Ritson's coarse trash, or lumber of the dead.
When flippant wit, and book-learn'd confidence,
Alone give right to science, taste, and sense,
When modest worth by idle boasting's shewn,
Then, nor till then, will I approve Malone: (*y*)

See

(*y*) See Mr. Malone's Enquiry into the authenticity of Mr. Ireland's Shakspeare MSS. &c. which he calls (not improperly) a Vindication of Shakspeare. The subject is indeed rather *overlaid* by the learned critic, but there is much sagacity and ingenuity in the treatment of it, and I think it is satisfactory and proves the point. Still Mr. Malone is too confident and presumptuous, and not always attentive to that politeness of character which at least all *amateur* critics should maintain. I think Mr. Ireland will now hardly say of these manuscripts and *original* plays of Shakspeare,

Nunc non è manibus illis,
Nunc non è tumulo, *fortunatâque favillâ*,
Nascentur violæ? †

No, Mr. Ireland, neither *violets nor* GUINEAS.—"Go to bed, Basil;

† Pers. Sat. 1. v. 38.

See on the critic in "his pride of place"

Laborious Chalmers drops his leaden mace. (*yy*) 180

In

Basil; good night, go to bed." (See the Spanish Barber.) I have just read two pamphlets on this subject, the first by Mr. Ireland's son, and the second by Mr. Ireland himself. The shameless effrontery of THE BOY in avowing himself the author of these manuscripts, is only equalled by the *tender solicitude* of THE FATHER for *their* credit and authenticity. Mr. Ireland senior originally rested the whole with his son who, as he constantly affirmed, gave the collection to him, plays, receipts, drawings, deeds, "white, black and grey, and all the trumpery," but declined naming the person from whom he received them. Mr. Ireland senior *now* presents us with the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Parr, Sir Isaac Heard, Mr. Pinkerton, Mr. *Laureat* Pye, Mr. Boswell, &c. who all signed a paper (*very wisely* to be sure) that *they* were *convinced* of the authenticity of the papers. What can that prove?—The boy's tale is simple; he absolutely asserts that he forged the whole collection, and gave the papers to his father, to please at once and to deceive him and the world. A very dutiful and very modest lad? Do we believe the boy? If we do, the business is at an end. The Father again and again asserts that he is ignorant of the person or the place from whence they came, and refers to his son's information. *Now* he disbelieves his own son, and defends the authenticity of the papers. *Utrum Horum?* In short, *between them both*, Father and Son, there appears to me, what the Greeks call a Στοργη, a sort of natural *parental affection* for these manuscripts, which is very strange, and which I cannot explain, but which quite satisfies me as to the nature of their *originality*. Mr. Malone's learning and politeness have not much to do with the business *as a matter of fact*; and the whole question now turns upon this momentous point; "whether Mr. Ireland or Mr. Malone is THE GREATEST SCHOLAR?†—This is what the logicians call the *Reductio ad Absurdum*; and there the question may sleep, and Shakspeare too. Such titles as these are soon shaken from his monument;

Ad quæ
Discutienda valent sterilis mala robora ficus ‡ (Jan. 5, 1797.)

† See Mr. Ireland's pamphlet on Mr. Malone's *Scholarship*. July 1797.

‡ Juv. Sat. 10. v. 144.

In the wild squabbles of a wordy war,
Let rabid (z) Porson tell, or griesly Parr, (*a*)
Combe, Travis, Ireland, or whate'er the name,
The breeding of mere critics is the same:
From royal Phalaris let your views extend
To Bristol's wizard stripling, and his end.

Hear Catcott (*b*) cry, in chearless life's decline,
Thus Rowley once, and Chatterton were mine.
He saw *his* Bard by Milles's pondrous length (*bb*)
O'erlaid, revive in splendor, fame, and strength,

For

(*yy*) See "The Apology for the Believers in—(Mr. Ireland's) Shakspeare Papers."

"So forc'd from wind-guns lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky."

Mr. Chalmers is a well informed, useful, and well-meaning writer, but too "*laborious, heavy, and busy*" in his works. It was but a waste of erudition to throw it away on this composition. He always has my thanks for his political information; but I wish he had more spirit and a more animated manner.

(*z*) Mr. Professor Porson's Letters to Archdeacon Travis are conspicuous for their erudition, acuteness, accuracy, virulence, bitterness, and invective.

(*a*) I allude to Dr. Parr's Controversy with Dr. Coombe, critic and man-midwife, about Horace. It seems Dr. Parr was angry that he did not assist the little critical man-midwife *at the labour*, "rite *maturos aperire partus*."§ Dr. Parr is more fond of a Cæsarian operation in criticism. See more in a future note to *the Third Part* of this Poem.

For BRYANT (*c*) came; the Muses all return,
And light their lamps at Rowley's fruitful urn;
While Cam receiv'd the Bard with all his train,
Though Isis turn'd her current in disdain.

The

(*b*) When I *first* published the first part of this poem (in 1794) I had casually glanced on the subject of Rowley. See P. of L. part I. but since that time having had some leisure and more curiosity, I have perused many of the learned treatises upon it. I neither have, nor will have, any thing to do with the decision of such a controversy as this, which is even now scarcely at rest; but having the feelings of a gentleman I was struck, as I was reading, with the cruel treatment of poor Mr. Catcott of Bristol, the sneers *upon the pewterer*, and the illiberal reflections on a plain, curious, honest, and inoffensive man, without whose zeal and solicitude, (I speak from the printed accounts) these singular poems never would have appeared. He seemed to say with justice,

Oro, miserere laborum
Tantorum, *miserere animi non digna ferentis.**

(*bb*) The edition of Rowley's Poems by the Rev. Dr. Milles.

(*c*) No man of literature can pass by the name of Mr. BRYANT without gratitude and reverence. He is a gentleman of attainments peculiar to himself, and of classical erudition without an equal in Europe. His whole life has been spent in laborious researches, and the most curious investigations. He has a youthful fancy and a playful wit; with the mind, and occasionally with the pen, of a poet; and with an ease and simplicity of style aiming only at perspicuity, and, as I think, attaining it. He has contended in various fields of controversy with various success; but always with a zeal for truth and a soberness

of

* Virg. Æn. 2. v. 143.

The Boy whom once patrician pens adorn'd,
First meanly flatter'd, (*cc*) then as meanly scorn'd,
Drooping he (*dd*) rais'd and lent his little aid,
The gleanings of a hard and humble trade.
Innoxious man: yet what may truth avail!
Blameless his life, and simple as his tale;

Each

of enquiry. In speaking of Mr. Bryant I have no necessity, as I too often have, to qualify my commendations. He has lived to see his eightieth winter (and may he yet long live) with the esteem of the wise and good; in honourable retirement from the cares of life; with a gentleness of manners, and a readiness and willingness of literary communication seldom found. He is admired and sought after by the young who are entering on a course of study; and revered, and often followed, by those who have completed it. Above all, he has gone forth in the strength imparted unto him, in defence of the holy law made and given by GOD; he has put on the την ανωθεν πανοπλιαν, the panoply from above, and having enlarged his mind and sanctified his studies, he may expect with humble confidence the consummation of his reward.

NOMEN IN EXEMPLUM SERO SERVABIMUS ÆVO.*

(*cc*) Alluding to the Letters written by the Hon. Horace Walpole (now Lord Orford) to Thomas Chatterton, printed in some magazines or newspapers. I remember to have seen them, but I cannot point out at present, the time or date of them: I think they were written from Strawberry Hill, but I am not sure.

(*dd*) i. e. Mr. Catcott.

* Milton, ad Patrem v. 120.

Each rude enquirer's sneering taunt he feels,
Contempt or insult dogs him at his heels,
No kind support subscribing fondness pours,
For him no wealth descends in fost'ring show'rs;
Yet be this truth to future times reveal'd,
" The wound a Varro gave, IAPIS heal'd." (*a*)

Go now, for moths, and rolls, and parchments search
Ransack the chest, the closet, or the church,
Brave all the joint associates of A. S.
The jeft insipid, and the idle guess,
Bind, copy, comment, manuscript and print,
Take from good-natur'd friends some useful hint,
From Bewick's (*d*) magic wood throw borrow'd rays
O'er many a page in gorgeous Bulmer's blaze;

F Alas,

(*a*) See Bishop Atterbury's comment on *the Dilectus Iapis* of Virgil.—I shall add, ΙΑΤΡΙΚΩΤΑΤΟΣ, φιλοδωρος και αδωροδοκητος, φιλοπτωχος, γενναιος, νεων διορθωτης, ὁσιος, δικαιος, ευσεβης, ΕΙΣ ΑΚΡΟΝ ΤΗΣ ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑΣ ελληλακως.

(*d*) Mr. Bewick, the great restorer of the long lost art of engraving upon wood. I need only mention his figures of the quadrupeds, and his plates to Bulmer's edition of Goldsmith's poems. Mr. Bulmer is the printer of Boydell's magnificent

Alas, for thee! nor profit hope nor fame,
Contempt your lot and solitary shame.

Go rather and indulge DRAMATIC rage;
All love a public or a private stage:
Our nobles now, as players, will be seen,
A duke's chaste daughter or a Margravine;
Fled is the soft reserve and nicer sense,
Those primal guards of love and innocence,
Unzon'd the nymphs, like Highland Charlotte clad.

AUTHOR.

Why not *all* bare? less shame's in being mad. (*e*) 224

OCTAVIUS.

Hold:—and o'er female failings lightly pass,
And may Aglaia (*f*) lead them to their glass,

Connubial

edition of Shakspeare; a work which, having been uniformly conducted on liberal principles and intended for the honour of the country, should be patronised *by the English nation.*

Connubial glories rising o'er their head,
As life's domestic happier stage they tread,
There may they look, well pleas'd themselves to find
The guardians, comforts, teachers of mankind.

AUTHOR.

I listen with delight: that strain again;
I'll bless the sex.

OCTAVIUS.

Now pass to titled men.
Mark, as Thalia calls in graceful air,
The soft patrician of St. James's square, (g)

(e) The *dress* of the present period has warranted the caricatures of the day, particularly one, which is called "The dress of ladies as it will be." I write in A. D. *Seventeen Hundred and Ninety Six.* Juvenal, who wrote about the year *Ninety Six*, said on a similar subject, "*Nudus agas; minus est insania turpis.*" Sat. 2. v. 71. But strange to say, he was speaking of *the dress of men.*

(f) Aglaia is the name of one of the graces; she dictated to Mr. Pope the following lines:

Let not *each beauty* EVERY WHERE be spied,
Where half the skill is *decently to hide.**

The ladies should remember that the imagination is a busy power.

* Moral Epistles. Ep. 4. v. 53.

Her *nuptial (h)* voice at Blenheim Marlb'rough heard,
While lyric Carlisle purrs(*i*) o'er love transferr'd.

Nay

(*g*) His Grace the Duke of Leeds, a great patron of the drama and its concerns.

(*h*) A private theatre often proves a convenient chapel of ease to *Hymen*.

(*i*) *Purrs*.—Dr. Johnson says, "to *purr* is to *murmur* as a cat or leopard *in pleasure*." I have heard that Lord Carlisle (*Quel d'amor travagliato*† *Sacripante*) is writing an opera entitled "*Angelica* e MEDORO." Angelica is supposed to be rather *advanced in life*; and I think her *grand-daughter* is brought on the stage.—Συνετοισι (1796.)—The Opera, as it is conjectured, is to be dedicated to THE RIGHT HONOURABLE *Lady Jersey*, in memory and in imitation of the gallant and accomplished Medoro, as recorded by Ariosto:

"*Della Comodità* che quì *m'è data*,
Io povero Medor &c.

Ariosto adds, *of the noble Earl*, or Count,

"Era scritto in *Arabico*, che IL CONTE
Intendea *così ben come Latino*."

O. F. Cant. 23. S. 108.

† If my *romantic* memory does not deceive me, Sacripante was *jilted* by Angelica. See Ariosto. But subjects of the highest importance are pressing on me so fast, that I am obliged *to dismiss* Lord Carlisle, Lady Jersey, &c. &c. and all the *youths* who are dying for places or for love, in the words of the poet,

Nè sono a Ferraù, nè à *Sacripante*,
(O sia CARLIGLIO) *per donar più rima*,
Da lor mi leva *il Principe d'Anglante*, &c.

O. F. Cant. 12. s. 96.

Nay Thurlow once, ('tis said) could sing or swear,
Like *Polypheme*, "I cannot cannot bear;" (*k*)
For ah! presumptuous *Acis* (*kk*) wrests the prize,
And ravishes (*l*) *the nymph* before his eyes:

Such

(*l*) "Torture, fury, rage, despair,
"I cannot, cannot, bear."
Air (by Polypheme) in *the Serenata* of Acis and Galatea.

(kk) Presumptuous Acis. (i. e. Mr. Pitt.)—I allude to a circumstance not generally known; but which, as I have never seen any public notice of it, these lines are meant to record. About *two years ago the Serenata*§ of ACIS AND GALATEA (with some violation, I believe, of the fable, and not a little of the harmony and of the melody) was performed *in Downing Street* to a private company. The part of *Acis* by Mr. PITT, *Polypheme*, by LORD THURLOW, and *Galatea*, by LORD LOUGHBOROUGH. *Mezzi Soprani*, LORD KENYON and PEPPER ARDEN, with a sort of *Messa Bassa*† by EDMUND BURKE; the other *vocal parts* by a select Committee of both Houses *à due cori*. I was not present at the entertainment myself, but was informed, that Mr. Pitt, in the execution *of the difficult passages*, did not sufficiently attend to his *appoggiaturas*, which indeed he seldom does; that the *baritono* of

§ Mr. PITT *patronizes musical performances* on the principle of *the gods* according to Plato; but with Apollo, Dionusus is not forgotten. "Οι Θεοι οικτειραντες ανθρωπων (some MS. insert πολιτικων) επιπονον πεφυκος γενος, τας Μουσας και Απολλωνα και Διονυσον ξυνεορτασταs εδοσαν" Plat. de Legibus, l. 2.‡ In Mr. Pitt's *musical* ministry, the famous terms of the Εκλυσις and the Εκβολη of Bacchius and Aristides are familiar and *much used* by this great *modern artist*. The Ψαλμος Αντιφθογγος (see Athæneus L. 14. p. 635) between Mr. Pitt and Lord Thurlow was much admired by the Cabinet about the year 1794.

† All the *Catholics* know (and we have *enough of them* to tell us, as the Marquis and Marchioness of Buckingham know to *their own* and *their company*'s cost) that the *Messa Bassa* is a *silent mass* whispered by the priest *during a musical performance*.

‡ Plat. Op. Ed. Serrani. Tom. 2. p. 653.

Such feats his honour little Pepper (*m*) saw,
In all the pride of music and of law.

AUTHOR.

If truth and joke, though pleasingly, combine,
What credit will attend the motley line?
Where is your trust?

OCTAVIUS.

To this discerning land
I trust and laugh; there are who understand.
If from state farces, when the House is up,
Some seek the green room and with Kemble sup,
(For

of Lord Thurlow was quite Polyphem-ish, and fully sustained; but that it was impossible *to do justice* to Lord Loughborough's *diminuendo*, when—*he died away in the arms of* Acis.

N. B. Bishop Hurd would say this note is allegoric, or *eleusinian*: the late Mr. Gibbon and Lord Sheffield would as stoutly deny it. (Written in 1796.)—For my own part I think there is much eloquent music in these *metaphors*, which *record the political conversion of* Lord Loughborough to Mr. Pitt's party.—*Ah! le Grand Opera!!!*

(*l*) *The Nymph*, i. e. Galatea, i. e. Lord Loughborough. This was more than a *Sabine* feat in my opinion. *Who's afraid?* not *Mr. Pitt.*

(*m*) *Little Pepper*, i. e. Sir Richard Pepper Arden, Kt. Master of the Rolls. His *legal abilities* have certainly been under-rated, but I have done ample justice to *his musical powers.*

(For who 'gainst *modest* merit shuts the door?)
Leeds says, 'so gentle Lælius did before;
Lælius, in whom each graceful act could please,
In wisdom mild, and dignified in ease,
With Terence oft the public cares would shun.

AUTHOR.

TERENCE and *Kemble*!—the dispute is done.
I ever mark'd, (deem not the thought severe)
What bounds divide the actor from the peer:
Confound 'em, I'll believe a saint's a rogue;
Andrews writes farce, a Duke the epilogue;
Burke may the right of property invade;
Steevens contract the Commentator's trade;
To Erskine, Kenyon seem a classic wit;
Or Paine apologize for holy writ;
THE DRAMATIST (*n*) himself and fame belie,
And quit the stage for truth and honesty;

Ireland

(*n*) See a Poem entitled, "The Political Dramatist of the "House of Commons in 1795: a Satire, 2d Ed. with a Post-script

Ireland prove Shakspeare; Bentley be Malone;
Thelwall dread preaching, or high-treason, Stone;
Who hates not Merry, Jerningham may love;
And Gifford Della Crusca's self approve.

OCTAVIUS.

Merry and Crusca!—Gifford's right: beware;
The very ground is his and Bavian air.

AUTHOR.

No: I'll not seek the tracts his arrows fire
With light that marks, but marks not to expire;
The climes he roams, where'er his footsteps sped,
I pass with caution or but lightly tread,
Or pleas'd with flow'rs his fancy best can strew,
I sit, and think I read my Pope anew. (*)

But

(*) "script containing Remarks on the Declaration of the Whig "Club on the 23d of January 1796." Printed for J. Parsons, in Paternoster Row. This poem is recommended to the public on those public principles, which I consider as of the highest importance to these kingdoms.

But grant the stage is *noble*: I believe
Greek's still plebeian, with Lord (*n*) Belgrave's leave;
Though now some high imperial critics chafe,
To think not Æschylus himself is safe.

G Go

(*l*) The author of the Baviad and the Mæviad. Mr. Gifford is the most *correct* poetical writer I have read, since the days of Pope. Upon the whole I give the preference to the Baviad after much consideration, though both the Poems may be studied with pleasure and advantage.—I have not the honour of Mr. Gifford's acquaintance; and indeed, from the nature of my retirement, I probably may never see him.

(*n*) *Lord Belgrave*; a learned and accomplished young nobleman of the present time. At his first entrance into the House of Commons in all the honest enthusiasm of his heart, in academic freshness and classic vigour, he quoted a passage from Demosthenes *in Greek*. This subjected him to the idle and impotent ridicule of *the Dramatist of the House of Commons*, whose *schoolboy* memory on that occasion happened to be more accurate. Lord Belgrave had done no more than I have often heard from Mr. Fox himself, who loves and understands Greek. As to the long and illustrious train of our young nobility and gentry, distinguished for their conduct and attachment to their country, I will say with some spirit and animation;

Dii patrii, quorum semper sub numine *Troja est*,
Non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis,
Cum tales animos Juvenum, et tam certa tulistis
Pectora.*

* Virg. Æn. 9. v. 247.

Go to his text: revise, digest, compare,
With Porson's shrewdness or with Valknaer's care,
Then let the learned page once quit your sight,
Some Scotch Greek swindling printer (*o*) steals your right.

But mark, the sea-birds sound the note of doom,
And venom'd insects (*p*) cluster round the tomb,
The

(*o*) I allude to a transaction which seems to be unwarrantable. Mr. Porson, the Greek Professor at Cambridge, lent his manuscript corrections and conjectures on the text of Æschylus, to a friend in Scotland; for he once had, and I hope still has, an intention of publishing that tragedian, though it may now be suspended. His corrected text fell into the hands of the Scotch printer Fowlis, and without the Professor's leave or even knowledge, he published a magnificent edition of Æschylus from it, without notes. I hope however that Mr. Porson will not be discouraged, but continue his labours on the Greek Lexicon of *Photius*, as the learned world are in eager expectation of a work so long, and hitherto so vainly, desired.—But, in my opinion, the lovers of literature would be infinitely more obliged to him, or to any other illustrious critic, for a new edition of the *Greek Bibliotheca of Photius*, which abounds with the most curious and valuable Excerpta of Writers whose integral works are lost for ever. At present it is troublesome even to read the remains of the laborious erudition of the Patriarch of Byzantium.

(*p*) The tomb of Archilochus was placed on the sea shore,

(I

The *Grecian* billows foam along the strand,
In angry murmurs deaf'ning all the land,
Ranging for vengeance from his native shore
ARCHILOCHUS is rous'd, to sleep no more.

(I think in the island of Paros), and the poets feigned that in the cavities of the stone, worn away by the waves, a swarm of wasps was concealed, ready to avenge the least insult that could be offered to it.—The subject of Greek learning is carried on in the Third Part of this Poem.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

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